

## The Last X-File

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Summary: Decades from now, the X-Files re-open for one, last case....

## The Last X-File

It was towards the end of the year 2056 that the US government admitted that for the past 100 years they had been in relative constant contact with an extra-terrestrial civilization. Along with this bombshell, they also admitted that this civilization was sending an emissary to establish regular contact with all nations of the world. They were coming to welcome Earth into a new community. The community of the galaxy.

"Last we ever heard of him, he was having his head frozen til science found a way to put some common sense into it...or so he said.." said Eliz- abeth Crowley, UN attachment to the alien ambassador. She leaned back in her chair and sighed. Looking out the transpári-steel windows over the still pristine Lake Geneva at UN Headquarters, she listened to the speaker- phone.

"But ma'am..." the speakerphone whined, "they insist that he be there, that there will be no deal until then.."

"How they expect me to find him I'll never know, but if anyone can know where he is it'll be them....Find him.ASAP." she disconnected the line.

She sighed deeply. This was one of the few times she regretted graduating top of her class in Xenobiology. Her thesis paper amazed the visitors and the US government so much that she soon became one of the inner circle that knew of the existance of the aliens. The sun began to set over the lake.

The sun was just beginning to rise over a tall mesa when Rufus opened up the shop for another day of boredom. Rufus had bought the small gas station a few years back, and invested into rebuilding it to a state-of-the art facility. Then the processing plant closed down.

Business mostly now came from tourists and a few of the regulars that had stayed on.

He had seen the stranger once or twice before when he came in to buy a few necessities now and then. He never gave the stranger any thought.. Until today...

The stranger walked in and bought his usual supplies of the only 'health' food he ever kept in stock. He must be getting food elsewhere, Rufus thought, else how can he be living off of just those seeds? The stranger glanced at the Phoenix Chronicle he had on display.

"How old is this paper?"the stranger asked.

"Yesterdays copy, you're free to have it if you want.." Rufus replied.

Rufus saw the stranger furrow his brow deeply as he began to read the paper. The lines on the strangers face now showed more clearly. The wrinkles belittled the stranger's age. He usually walked with a youthful gait, but today, he seemed to move slower and with less enthusiasm.

"I heard on the news last night that there's this worldwide search out fer some old fella. That picture they showed was pretty old. Say he's the key to get us out of the hole we're in and get us in with them there E.T.'s".

"Oh really, I hadn't heard that. I don't watch TV anymore. Poisons the mind, or so a friend of mine once claimed."

"Ah well, I reckon they must want him bad. They offered \$10000 for any information that'll get them to him."

"Yeah, I guess so."

"So that'll be it?"

"Yep."

"Lemme see, that'll be \$10.50 as usual."

"Sounds like a deal."

As the stranger opened up his wallet, a picture fell out of it. Picking up the picture Rufus looked at it. The picture contained a red haired woman standing next to a rather smart looking young man. The stranger asked for the picture back, but Rufus examined it closer.

"Good looking woman."

"She was a....friend.."

"Wait-a-minute..this here you in the picture?"

"Yeah. I used to look a lot better then I do now."

"Hey that looks like that feller they're lookin fer.."

The stranger nodded and placed his \$10.50 on the counter and walked out. Rufus went over calmly and picked up the phone and visualised a vacation in New York city this year.

The phone rang on Elizabeth's desk, and she picked it up.

"Yes. They've found him? Where? In Arizona? Did you call her? Is she going to go there? Good. She'll take care of it." she hung up the phone and smiled she knew that the deal with the aliens was going to go through. Her best agent was on the job now and she had never been let down.

Night was settling down on the mesa. The stranger sat in an old beach chair staring up into the night sky. He could see the car approaching from the south and he knew his resting was finally over. He stood up and waited for the car to approach. The car landed on the mesa and a red-haired well dressed woman got out.

"I knew it. I just knew it. Somehow, I thought you would be here. Funny thing, the connection between you and this place. You almost died here over 60 years ago. Why you would come back, I will almost never know. Perhaps to let death finally claim you, I guess."

"I like it here. It's peaceful. Quiet. I like it that way."

"You're needed again. Your country needs you. The world needs you."

"But I don't need them." as he points to the sky.

"We can force you to come. Maybe even bring them here to you."

"But you don't want that do you..nor do they.."

"Right. So are you going to come peacefully, or am I going to have to use my secret weapon...."

At that moment, a bright light appeared in the sky. A small disk descended from the sky. The agent glared up into the sky in disbelief. The stranger sighed and sat there.

"No use running...they could stop you if they wanted...", he said as he rose up from his chair. The agent's jaw dropped. Her grandmother used to tell her stories at night about such things, but she never believed it. She thought that they were just scary stories to keep her in line. She moved over to help the stranger up. They started to walk towards the landing saucer.

The saucer landed with a thump. A ramp extended down and a glaring white light came from inside the ship. The light blinded the old man and the agent, and they reeled from the blast of pressure from the opening of the ship.

"About time you bastards came for me. I should've been the one 90 years ago. Now will you finally take me and get all this nightmare over with so I die in peace?"

A deep booming voice came from inside the ship.

"Now, now, that isn't the way to talk to us, and you know that."

"Why? Why was I in the dark for so long? Why?"

"There are many things in the universe man was not yet meant to understand. Why is one of them. We have watched you for so long, Witnessed the darkest hours and the brightest days. You have worked long and hard for this day and now it is time. Time for wishes, hopes and dreams to be ended. We know what you want. We can give it to you. As a gift, for being so diligent in your duties. You have earned it."

A figure then stepped out onto the ramp. It was a female, slightly a little younger then the stranger, and a glimmer of recognition hit the agent's eyes. 'This woman, could she be her?' the agent thought.

"C'mon big brother, it's time to go home..." the figure said.

The agent could faintly hear the stranger whisper a word underneath his breath as he got up and walked as fast as his old bones could take him to the figure.

"We can make you young again, if you wish. Make up for lost time." the voice boomed.

"No, that's quite alright. I have what I want." the stranger looked back at the agent. "Tell your boss that the negotiations can go on now."

"Where will you be?"

"Something tells me I'm about to prove your grandmother wrong. And I get the feeling she'd hate me for it."

"But she'd be glad as well. Good bye...take care..."

"I will."

"You were right all along...the truth is out there..."

"And in there." he said, pointing to her heart.

His arm wrapped around the figure, Special Agent Fox Mulder (Ret.) walked into the saucer and waved back at the agent as the saucer's ramp began to close.

The agent pulled out a phone and dialed Elizabeth Crowley's office.

"He's on his way." said the agent.

"Good. I'm glad that this headache is finally gone. Your Grandmother would be proud, agent."

"I know she would. But I can't think that this is it. All the questions are soon to be answered."

"I don't think they will for us, but to him, they will. I expect a

full report by Monday."

With that, the FBI agent got into her car and flew off knowing that one of the oldest X-Files was about to be closed when she got back to Washington.

End  
file.